

YEAR of Commerce the Bank. like to repeat what I to at the beginning of to-day, that the policy adopted by this Bank in methods of lending money and protecting it from loss under such adverse conditions as we have passed in the past year, have been successful, so that the ratio of total loans over a period shows a marked decrease.

Darn Your HOSIERY!



If you have good Hosiery you won't darn it so much. The place to buy Good Hosiery is BLAIR'S. There is less darning of their Hosiery than there is of others. But a stitch in time saves nine, and we just wish to say we have lately received a Lot of Mending Wools in a large variety of colors at 4c. card.

Some Hosiery Specials OPENED: Men's Black and Colored Wool Cashmere & Fingering Socks.

These are the last word both in Quality and Good Value. We offer Men's English Heather Fingering Socks at from 75c. pair only.

Ladies' and Children's Black Fingering Hose.

Quality, Weight and Warmth here. Ladies' at \$1.00 pair; Children's from 90c. to 90c. pair.

HENRY BLAIR

- BARGAINS!**
- MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR—Seconds, 50c. Special \$1.35
 - BOYS' ALL WOOL NAVY JERSEYS, 50c. Special \$1.75
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 - BOYS' BLACK WOOL HOSE, 50c. Special \$1.35
 - MEN'S HALF HOSE—To clear, 50c. Special \$1.35

The Artcraft Clothiers, 276 Water Street, Opposite Bowring Bros. Three Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

TRINITY.

(The story of the Berlin Coal Fields is continued and concluded)

The next morning William and the Constable got in the old leaky dory and went up Fresh Water Pond. After landing at the head of the pond, they tramped all day, and boiled the kettle three times. At last they came to a hill, up which William led the Constable in a mysterious sort of way, as though the point he wished to reach was very important. At last William said "Ah yes! I see it now," and he beckoned the Constable to follow him to a peak in the distance. From the top of this peak William put on a deeply concerned and puzzled look, as he scanned the country. Then he said "Well, well! it is too bad. I have forgotten to bring my compass. I could find that coal in a few minutes now, if I had my compass, as it bears S.W. from this point." The Constable asked him how he knew that, and he said, "Oh, I had my compass when I found that coal." The Constable "took the sun" and after he made a few mental calculations, he said to William, "now you follow me and we will go pretty near S.W." So off they went, but still no sign of coal. William scratched his head and stamped his foot, and said "I can't understand how we have missed the coal, for it is right on the surface, plain to be seen, and when I was rhinding here last summer I boiled my kettle with it twice."

There was nothing left for them to do, but to return home. It was dark when they reached the dory, and the Constable was glad that the long tramp was over. As they rowed down the pond William appeared to be very much disappointed, and he said "this is too bad, Constable. I must take one more day through that country by myself. I shall not forget my compass, and when we come here again, I will show you something that will make you forget the hard tramp." The Constable got back to Burin at midnight. The next morning as the Magistrate sat in his office, anxious to get the Constable's report of the day before, Jim C. came in for his old mother's poor-note. Seizing the opportunity, the Magistrate in a non-committal way, asked Jim if he had ever heard of coal in the country. Jim assured him that he had, and that he did not think it was very hard to locate. This was very encouraging to the Magistrate, and made him more anxious for the Constable to turn up and report. Though both the Magistrate and the Constable thought it very strange that William had failed to find the coal, yet because of Jim C.'s assurance of its existence coupled with their hopes of final success, they still felt quite sure that the coal was there all right.

As the Constable was leaving for home that night, William said "you need not come with me when I go again; but as sure as you are born Sir, I will bring you a sample of that coal within a week." On the strength of all this the Magistrate sent William an order for a barrel of flour, and the Constable kept him well supplied with tobacco and grub. When William came out for the barrel of flour, he called on the Magistrate, and asked him: "What will be my position, your worship, when the coal mines will be opened? I got no lambs, but I could do something. I could act as watchman or tally-man, or if that would not suit, you might arrange, Sir, to get a pension for me. Be gob, sir, it is high time—coal or no coal—that I should get a pension. I am now seventy three years old, and thirty of them years Sir, I fished on the Grand Banks—and all the time Sir, as everybody in Burin knows, I have been an honest, sober, and straightforward man."

William went home with his barrel of flour, and a pair of the Constable's good trousers. The Constable remarked that probably the trousers will be a little on the side of large for him, but William said, "never mind that, Sir, that won't be noticed when they get covered with coal dust." William was sure to be back within a fortnight.

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This combination possesses the curative properties of cod liver oil without any of the latter's disagreeable features, as well as the medicinal virtues of the other standard remedies that enter into its composition. It is palatable, effective, and does not even in the most delicate, produce stomach disturbances and other bad after-effects that are such a drawback to the best action of cod liver oil in its crude state and many other disagreeable medicines.

8 oz. Bottle 40c.
16 oz. Bottle 70c.

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with a good report and a sample of the coal. About ten days later—which were days full of hopes and fears to the shareholders, as the Constable looked out of the Court House window he saw a dory coming around the point. There was no mistaking that old red dory, or the man who was in it—'twas William, for sure. The Constable, almost beside himself with excitement, called to the Magistrate—"here comes skipper Bill at last." Together they watched him land at the wharf and take out an old bread bag half full of something heavy. William threw the load on his back, and came towards the court House.

The Constable was at the door to receive him and the bag. One glance at its contents was enough, there it was all right—coal and good coal at that! The Constable put the bag and its contents in one of the spare cells, whilst William wiped the perspiration from his face. "Come in now, skipper Bill!" said the Constable, "I am sure you need a cup of tea." "Be gob! I do sir, and more than one, Sir," said William. The Magistrate was down the stairs in a hurry, and seconded the Constable's hearty welcome. "Are your feet wet, William?" he asked. "Be gob, yes Sir said William." Then, said the Magistrate, "that won't do for an old gentleman like you to have wet feet. Are those the boots I gave you a few weeks ago?" "Be gob, Sir, 'tis the same boots." "Why?" said the Magistrate. "I paid six dollars for them, William." "Well then, Sir," said William you paid too much for them; those marchants in Burin got no chance to go to heaven Sir, for they be extortioners, Sir, that's what they be, and a poor man like me, who tries hard to live an upright and a down straight life, finds it hard to do it, Sir, with their awful charges for things." To make assurance doubly sure, the Magistrate looked into the bag, and smiled his satisfaction. "Black Diamonds!" he said "and good ones at that."

Nothing was too hot or too cold for skipper Bill. He took his time at the table and filled himself to his utmost capacity, at the constable's expense. The Constable's wife, too, was delighted as she saw a fortune for all concerned, in the return future; and William, with a smile on his face (like the cat had after eating the canary) said to her "them was five good cups of tea ma'am, and the sweet cake was most beautiful ma'am." The Magistrate and the Constable wrote at once to St. John's, and offered a third of the coal mine to a relative who was then a leading lawyer in town; so that they might have the benefit of his legal knowledge in carrying on the work.

About two weeks after William had landed his coal, and taken a return cargo of tea, buns and sweet cake to his home, the Constable had occasion to go to Epworth, settlement about two miles away. There he met a Mr. G. who was doing business there, and he said, "Mr. W. I am coming over to Burin one of those days to get a summons against old Bill W. I gave him a barrel of flour last winter in advance payment for some fake boughs that he was to bring me, and I have not see him or the boughs since. True, I saw him from the office window one day about a fortnight ago, on the wharf, but he did not come near me. I asked the storekeeper who that was in the red dory, and he said, oh, that was old Bill W. 'What did he want?' I asked, and the storekeeper said, 'he asked me if he could take a knob or two of coal from the big pile on the wharf that was landed from North Sydney last week, and I said, yes, so he put them in a bag and left for home.' I don't know what he wanted the coal for, so I think I shall summons him for the value of the barrel of flour." You can guess the rest of it and you can understand why the Magistrate and the Constable are still out of pocket about eighteen dollars each, whilst old Bill—is thirty six dollars better off, because of the coal deposit at Burin, and his method of working it.

When old Bill's wife was very ill about two years later, Mrs. W. and another lady took her some nourishment; and she told Mrs. W. that her husband did not treat Mr. W. as well as he should have done, and that she was very sorry Mrs. W. I asked her not to refer to it again; and the old woman said:—"William told me that if I ever told anybody about it, he would shoot me."

N.B.—The outline facts of this story were given to me by Sergeant White of Catalina. He is the Constable referred to in the story. Viewing the whole proceedings to-day, from a distance of twenty five years, the tragedy of that time has now changed to comedy; and the Sergeant hopes that the readers of the story will enjoy it as thoroughly as he and the Magistrate do to-day.

The Stereophon show of pictures, at the entertainment given by the Sunday School Teachers of the Church of England, to the children of their classes, was so interesting to the children; and so many other children would like to see it,—that the showman gave a free invitation to every child in Trinity, to see the same pictures in the Parish Hall, on Wednesday evening, 18th. A goodly number of children responded to the invitation, and together with parents and friends, filled the Hall to its capacity. It is surprising how much a child will remember of serious subjects when they are presented through the eye, and it is equally surprising how much of the child there is in the oldest of us, when the funny pictures are thrown on the screen. At such entertainments the older we are the more fully the words of Mrs. Hemans express our wishes—"Backward! Turn backward oh times in thy flight! Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Miss Ash returned from St. John's by the Prospero last week.

Capt. George Barbour and Mr. E. J. Ryan were passengers from St. John's by Prospero on 18th inst.

Some interesting extracts from the old Church Registers:—

1767.—Interred, Sarah Wornall, aged two years and two months—abstracting four 4s.

1767.—Interred, Mr. John Garret Blaks, age 68, who was a J. P. in the district of Trinity.

1767.—Married, John Jones and Flower Guy.

1767.—Married, a Frenchman, Henry Shovrah, to Elizabeth McCarthy, an Irish girl.

1778.—Legally ratified, the marriage of Andrew Molloney, Planter, North Side, Trinity, to Mary Stacey, Wexford, Ireland. They were privately married on May 2nd, 1770.

1776.—Married, Henry Hitchcock, of Devon, England, to Susannah Taverner of this Harbor. N.B.—The nuptials were celebrated by Dennis Coke, Esq. J.P.

1787.—Married, James Sinnox of Dorset, England, to Silence Stone. This marriage was read by Thomas Clifford (Church Clerk) in the Church, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning.

1771.—Married, Joseph Durdle (Boatmaster to Mr. Jacob Taverner) and Dusabella Green, daughter of Mr. Thomas Clifford (Church Clerk) and Agnes his spouse, by her first husband John Green, formerly Church Clerk.

1788.—Married, Robert Bond of Sherburn, County of Dorset, England, to Honora Keats of Trinity.

1779.—Married, William Hill, servant to Mr. Street, and Elizabeth Flemens Nephew (?) to Mr. Street.

Answers to Correspondents:—"L. I. G." Treasurer.—Thank you doctor for kind Christmas wishes, as conveyed by Christmas Card. I appreciate your kind interest in my story re Flint Island. No doubt it awakened some pleasant memories. Poor Bill Hyland! I often wondered what made him so reticent. Evidently, he never got over the shock. Good luck.

George C. St. John's.—Thank you for your kind letter. I am glad, but not surprised to hear of your interest in Saturday's Telegram. Vallis' Wall was, in my boyhood days and youth, the public wall on the left hand side of the road leading down to the Ferry Wharf, and opposite the cooper shop of Mr. Joseph Morris. When Mrs. Jenkins leased the property that included the well, it was filled in, as it was too far away for Hotel use, and another was sunk for that purpose. I gave an outline history last year of the business done by Vallis on the premises now owned by Mr. Joseph Morris. Yes, Mr. Pittman, in addition to his cooperage business, did a limited supplying business in the S.W. Arm, and owned a schooner for trading and collecting. It was only one of the many smaller business premises that at one time operated all along the waterfront inside of Trinity Harbor. I will write to you re other things mentioned in your interesting letter.

"E.P." St. John's.—Your letter of inquiry re your grandfather's property in Trinity, is to hand. I am looking it up, and will let you know what I find.

Old John Murphy, the friend of my boyhood days—never missed an opportunity to tell my father about the many good things of old Ireland. One day my father mentioned the subject of pork; and John said:—"Ah Gargel! you should see the pork we raised in Ireland: it was a strake o'lean, and a lean o'strake, and you could ate it out of your hand Gargel." We always knew what the dear old man meant, and in this case we knew that it was a streak of lean, and a streak of fat; and that

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Jan. 21st, 1922.

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